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MARBLE HILL, - - MISSOURI.

England has her hands rather full, but she can always find room to make another grab.

For what would it profit Great Britain if she gain the whole of Venezuela and lose her Canada?

The London Daily News says: "The Turks may go too far." There is no more danger of that than there is of a rotten egg spoiling.

The duke of Marlborough refuses to tip servants at hotels. This shows that he either has genuine nerve or is out of money.

More than 185,000 persons committed suicide in the different countries of the world during the year ending September 30, 1895. This is an increase of nearly 20,000 over 1894.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer says that "an Illinois man actually is cackling because he ate four chickens at one sitting." Well, that lays over anything of the sort Cleveland ever did.

Editor Dana thinks that "it is the decree of fate that the Indian race shall perish from the face of the western continent." Yes; fate and whisky seem to be getting in their awful work.

Mrs. Graham, of Toronto, a leader among the King's Daughters, a religious organization of women, says she favors dancing, provided the woman dance before breakfast with her husband or brother.

The social reformer who wants to earn the everlasting gratitude of a long-suffering people should lose no time in devising a scheme to pair the long-haired men with the short-haired women and banish both.

A number of Austrian women have petitioned the emperor for permission to organize a permanent regiment of Amazons. This country will gladly honor a draft for enough new women to officer that regiment.

A scientist declares that professional gamblers shorten their lives by suppressing their emotions. They can also produce the same results by dealing from the bottom of the deck or hiding aces in their sleeves.

Rev. E. T. Taylor of Boston solemnly asserts that "the new woman doesn't smoke cigarettes." Then somebody has taught the old woman some new tricks, for the cigarette trade among the fair sex is constantly increasing.

A dispatch from Milford, Conn., announces that "Mrs. Ellis is dying from the effects of a bite of a flatheaded adder heretofore held to be harmless." That settles it; henceforth we shall not allow flatheaded adders to bite us.

Fully 50,000 bushels of apples are going to waste in Spencer county, Ind. One third of the trees will die from injury to them by the heavy weight of the apples. The river is so low that no shipments can be made, and the farmers cannot dispose of their fruit. Many farmers have concluded to store away as many apples as convenient in their cellars, and to bury a great many the same as potatoes are buried, by piling them on the ground and covering them with straw and earth, believing that they will command a better price during the winter and spring. Apples can be purchased in the orchards for 5 cents per barrel.

A cure for consumption has been reported to the State Department by United States Consul Chancellor at Havre. He says the cure was first brought to the attention of the world at a congress of physicians and scientists at Bordeaux to consider the question of combating consumption by vaccination. Professor Marigliano, an Italian savant, read a paper which attracted much attention, claiming to have discovered an efficacious process for the treatment of consumption by the injection of tubercular serum, which he says renders the subjects of this most formidable disease immune. The consul recalls the comparative failures of other attempts to treat consumptives successfully, and says this particular process is still in the experimental stage.

Science of road reform in three words: Widen the tires.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt urges the new woman to "throw herself into the breach and insist upon equal rights." Why, bless you, Carrie, the new woman for a year or more has been throwing herself into the breeches everywhere.

The Santa Fe railroad is to be sold at Topeka, Kan., at auction December 10. Everybody needing a [illegible] high-grade [illegible]

Thanksgiving Days
THEN AND NOW.

It was very provoking that seamstresses and such people would get married, like the rest of the world," Mrs. Greenough said, half in fun and half in earnest. Her fall sewing was just coming on, and here was Lizzie Brown, who had suited her so nicely, going off to be married; and she had no resource but to advertise for another, and take whomsoever she could get. No less than ten women had been there that day, and not one would answer.

"There comes Number Eleven; you will see," she cried, as the bell rang.

Kitty Greenough looked on with interest. Indeed, it was her gowns, rather than her mother's, that were most pressing. She was just sixteen, and since last winter she had shot up suddenly, as girls at that age so often do, and outgrown most of her clothes.

Mrs. Greenough was right—it was another seamstress; and Bridget showed in a plain, sad-looking woman, of about forty, with an air of intense respectability. Mrs. Greenough explained what she wanted done, and the woman said quietly that she was accustomed to such work—would Mrs. Greenough be so kind as to look at some recommendations? Whereupon she handed out several lady-like notes, whose writers indorsed the bearer, Mrs. Margaret Graham, as faithful and capable, used to trimmings of all sorts, and quick to catch an idea.

"Very well, indeed!" Mrs. Greenough said, as she finished reading them. "I ask nothing better. Can you be ready to come at once?"

"Tomorrow, if you wish, madame," was the answer, and then Mrs. Graham went away.

Kitty Greenough was an impulsive, imaginative girl; no subject was too dull or too unpromising for her fancy to touch it. She made a story for herself about every new person who came in her way. After Number Eleven had gone down the stairs, Kitty laughed.

"Isn't she a sobersides, mamma? I don't believe there'll be any frisk in my dresses at all if she trims them."

"There'll be frisk enough in them if you wear them," her mother answered, smiling at the bright, saucy, winsome face of her one tall daughter.

Kitty was ready to turn the conversation.

"What do you think she is, mamma—

"THERE COMES NUMBER ELEVEN."

wife or widow?" And then answering her own question: "I think she's married, and her husband's sick, and she has to take care of him. That solemn, still way she has comes of much staying in a sick room. She's in the habit of keeping quiet, don't you see? I wish she were a little prettier; I think he would get well quicker."

"There'd be no plain, quiet people in your world if you made one," her mother said, smiling; "but you'd make a mistake to leave them out. You would get tired even of the sun if it shone all the time."

The [illegible]

praise. She sewed steadily, and never opened her lips except to ask some questions about her work. Even Kitty, who used to boast that she could make a dumb man talk, had not audacity enough to intrude on the reserve in which Mrs. Graham intrenched herself.

"He's worse, this morning," whispered saucy Kitty to her mother; "and she can do nothing but think about him and mind her gathers."

But, by the same token, "he" must have been worse every day, for during the two weeks she sewed there, Mrs. Graham never spoke of anything beyond her work.

When Mrs. Greenough had paid her, the last night, she said:

"Please give me your address, Mrs.

"I AM TOM."

Graham, for I may want you again."

"Seventeen Hudson street, ma'am; up two flights of stairs, and if I'm not there, Tom always is."

"There, didn't I tell you?" Kitty cried, exultingly, after the woman had gone. "Didn't I tell you that he was sick? You see, now, Tom's always there."

"Yes, but Tom may not be her husband, and I don't think he is. He is much more likely to be her child."

"Mrs. Greenough, I'm astonished at you. You say that to be contradictious. Now, it is not nice to be contradictious; besides, she wouldn't look so quiet and sad if Tom were only her boy."

But weeks passed on, and nothing more was heard of Mrs. Graham, until, at last, Thanksgiving day was near at hand. Kitty was to have a new dress, and Mrs. Greenough, who had undertaken to finish it, found that she had not time.

"Oh, let me go for Mrs. Graham, mamma!" cried Kitty. "Luke can drive me down to Hudson street, and then I shall see Tom."

Mrs. Greenough laughed and consented. In a few minutes Luke had brought to the door the one-horse coupe, which had been the last year's Christmas gift of Papa Greenough to his wife, and in which Miss Kitty was always glad to make an excuse for going out.

Arrived at 17 Hudson street, she tripped up two flights of stairs, and tapped on a door, on which was a printed card with the name of Mrs. Graham.

A voice, with a wonderful quality of musical sweetness in it, answered:

"Please to come in; I cannot open the door."

She opened the door, and saw, not Mrs. Graham's husband, nor yet her son, but a girl, whose face looked as if she might be about Kitty's own age, whose shoulders and waist told the same story; but whose lower limbs seemed curiously misshapen and shrunken—no larger, in fact, than those of a mere child. The face was a pretty, winning face, not at all sad. Short, thick brown hair curled around it, and big, brown eyes, full of good humor, met Kitty's curious glance.

"I am Tom," the same musical voice—which made Kitty think of a bird's warble—said, in a tone of explanation. "I can't get up to open the door because, don't you see, I can't walk."

"And why—what—Tom—"

Kitty struggled desperately with the question she had begun to ask, and Tom kindly helped her out.

"Why am I Tom, do you mean, when it's a boy's name, or why can't I walk? I'm Tom because my father called me Thomasina, after his mother, and we can't afford such long names in this house and I can't walk because I pulled a kettle of boiling water over on myself when I was six years old, and the only wonder is that I'm alive at all. I was left, you see, in a room by myself, while mother was busy somewhere else, and when she heard me scream, and came to me, she pulled me from under the kettle, and saved the upper half of me all right."

"Oh, how dreadful!" Kitty cried, with the quick tears rushing to her eyes. "It must have almost killed your mother."

"Yes that is what makes her so still and sober. She never laughs, but she never frets, either; and oh, how good she is to me!"

Kitty glanced around the room which seemed to her so bare. It was spotlessly clean, and Tom's chair was soft and comfortable—as, indeed, a chair ought to be which must be sat in from morning till night. Opposite to it were a few pictures on the wall—engravings taken from books and magazines, and given, probably, to Mrs. Graham by

LUKE TOOK HER UP.

some of her lady customers. Within easy reach was a little stand, on which stood a rose bush in a pot, and a basket full of bright colored worsteds, while a book or two lay beside them.

"And you never go out?" cried Kitty, forgetting her errand in her sympathy—forgetting, too, that Luke and his impatient horse were waiting below.

"Not lately."

Kitty stepped to the window to see what range of vision it offered, and her eye fell on Luke. She recalled her business.

"I came to see if I could get your mother to sew two or three days for me this week."

Tom was alert and business-like at once.

"Let me see," she said; "to-day is Tuesday," and she drew toward her a little book, and looked it over. "To-morrow is engaged, but you could have Thursday, Friday and Saturday, if you want so much. Please write your name against them."

Kitty pulled off her pretty gray glove and wrote her name and address with the little toy pencil at the end of her chatelaine; and then she turned to go, but it was Tom's turn to question.

"Please," said the sweet, fresh voice, which seemed so like the clear carol of a bird, "would you mind telling me how old you are? I'm sixteen, myself."

"And so am I sixteen," said Kitty.

"And you have a father and mother both, haven't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Kitty.

"Oh, I've only a mother, but she is good as two. Must you go now? And I wonder if I shall ever see you again?"

"Yes, you will see me again," answered Kitty, cheerily, and then, moved by a sudden impulse of her kind, frank young heart, she bent over and touched her lips to the bright bonny face of the poor girl who must sit prisoner there forever, and yet who kept this bright cheerfulness all the time.

"Oh, mamma, I've had a lesson," cried Kitty, bursting into her mother's room like a fresh wind, "and Tom has taught it to me; and he isn't he at all—she's a girl, just my age, and she can't walk a step since she was six years old."

And then Kitty told all the sad, tender little story, and got to crying over it herself, and made her mother cry, too, before she was through.

Early on Thanksgiving Day, Kitty set forth with Luke, in the coupe, which also contained a huge basket filled with dainties—a turkey, a mince pie, and a variety of good things. There were also a new dress, a comfortable jacket, and a neat hat.

"I have come to take you to ride," said Kitty, as she bounded into the room where Tom sat, and affectionately kissed the crippled girl.

In a few minutes, arrayed in her new habiliments, Tom was ready for the ride.

"How will I get down stairs?" Tom asked.

Luke was called in, and that mystery was solved.

Luke took her up as if she were a baby and marched down stairs with her, while she heard Kitty say—but it all seemed to her like a dream, and Kitty's voice like a voice in a dream:

"I'm sorry there's nothing pretty to see at this time of the year. It was so lovely out-doors six weeks ago."

Through Beach street they went, and then through Boylston, and the common was beside them, with its tree boughs traced against the November sky, and the sun shone on Frog Pond, and the dome of the state house glittered goldenly, and there were merry people walking about everywhere, with their Thanksgiving faces on; and at last Tom breathed a long, deep breath which was almost a sob, and cried:

"Did you think there was nothing pretty to see today—this day? Why, I didn't know there was such a world!"

The clocks had struck twelve when they left Hudson street; the bells were ringing for one when they entered it again.

Kitty ran lightly up stairs, followed by Luke, with Tom in his arms.

Kitty threw open the door, and there was a table spread with as good a Thanksgiving dinner as the heart could desire, with Tom's chair drawn up beside it. Luke let his light burden down.

Kitty waited to hear neither thanks nor exclamations. She saw Tom's brown eyes as they rested on the table, and that was enough. She bent for one moment over the bright face — the cheeks which the out-door air had painted red as the rose that had just opened in honor of the day—and left on the young, sweet, wistful lips a kiss, and then went silently down the stairs, leaving Tom and Tom's mother to their Thanksgiving.

A Thanksgiving Class.

"Now all of you stand in a row same as a spelling-class," said Susie, as they gathered about her toward dinner-time. "Carrie'll be the head and Tommy'll be the foot. We'll call it a Thanksgiving class, and I'll give out things and you must tell why we're thankful about 'em. Think of all the reasons you can, and raise as many fingers as you have reasons. Now, first you can take school."

So they all thought and began to raise fingers.

"Oh, we'll never have time for so many reasons," said Susie. "Let's try whooping-cough."

This was [illegible]